

Letters of a Successful Mormon Bishop to His Son Who's on a Mission

Salt Lake City, Nov. 5, 1907.
My Dear Son:—Before I go down town to learn the result of the unholy election held today, I will write you a word or two, and finish the letter in the morning. In many ways it was the most miserable day I ever spent. In the first place, I got word from Brother Scow early in the morning that the presidents of the seventies had spoken the word for Dr. Plummer and the Republican ticket. While this was hardly to my liking, I started for the polls to get the thing over with. Brother Scow, you know, is a Republican. I had already left his house before Brother Warrant came hastening to me and told me that the seventies had picked out Brother Morris to win the day. I told him what Brother Scow had told me and if ever a Salt used profane language, and you know we are sometimes lax in our language, the words of Brother Warrant deserve the plum. He simply burned holes through the air; and when I reminded him of his sacred calling as a bishop's counselor, he ripped out another batch of original profanity that would have done justice to a ship's mate. He called Brother Scow all sorts of liars, and then proceeded to prove it. He said that the seventies had not met, for Brother King was not notified, and without notification the meeting could not be legal. I passed on very much disturbed in my heart that something was wrong.

While walking round the square in the attempt to collect my scattered wits, I met Brother Scow again, and I told him that he had not been dealing fairly with me. I told him that my vote might have been cast for Plummer when Brother Warrant stated the leaders of the church were for the Democratic party. Now, Brother Scow is a very religious man, being one of the longest and loudest at prayer that we have. Often he has brought tears to my eyes picturing the sufferings of Brother Joseph in the midst of his enemies, those whom he loves so much, yet cannot bring them to see the light. Well, tears began to flow in my eyes when Brother Scow began to talk today, but they were tears of pain and sorrow, not of sympathy. His talk would not have been published, and he came very near to totally eclipsing Brother Warrant in the use of profane language. How it made my heart bleed! To see two holy men as these tearing off terrible words like a Gentile. He told me that of course Brother King had not been notified of the meeting of the seventies; he was a Democrat, and might have raised an unpleasant fuss in the meeting when it was turned into an auxiliary for the Republican party. By the time Brother King could protest against the election legality of the meeting, the election

DRY UP RAW SPOTS IN THE SKIN

Read How You Can Eradicate Those Terrible Red Spots Which Itch and Torture You.

Those raw and burning spots in the skin which make you scratch until you are almost mad with torture—they can be dried up and the skin will become as pure and white as ivory by the use of the most simple external remedy known to medical science—a remedy made simple by the fact that its basic ingredient is oil of wintergreen. It is a liquid remedy used internally for Eczema, ring worms, barber's itch, and other diseases of the skin, sold under the name of D. D. D. Prescription. This remedy instantly kills the germs which cause the itch. We know that the instant you apply a few drops of the D. D. D. Ointment to that awful itching skin the agony is gone—you are free from that itch, soothed, cooled, refreshed—soon the unsightly red spots with their nasty exudations begin to disappear.

Read this letter from Mrs. J. W. Choate of Carrollton, Wash., one of many thousands we have:

"I am so thankful that a cure has been found for that terrible disease, Eczema. Our little boy was tormented with Eczema for two years. I sent for a sample of D. D. D. and it helped him wonderfully. After using three bottles he is well. I cannot say enough for D. D. D. Today the child's skin is smooth and clean and I shall recommend D. D. D. to every sufferer with skin disease."

While we have not seen the original copy of Mrs. Choate's letter, we are sure it is a genuine letter; for we know that the D. D. D. Co. is constantly getting hundreds and hundreds of letters of endorsement from those who have been cured by D. D. D. We know from people in our own town how wonderfully D. D. D. helps skin sufferers, and if you have any kind of skin trouble at all, drop into our store and we will show letters from those who have been cured, your own neighbors, perhaps; letters giving important news to skin sufferers.

Drehtel & Franken, 271 Main St.

would be over, and the election turned the way the leaders wanted it. Leaving Brother Scow again, fearful, too, lest he and Brother Warrant should meet and become engaged in a personal encounter, I met dear old Sister Brooks, who was plodding along in her usual way. I asked her how she felt about the election, and she acknowledged that she did not know. Some of the brethren had told her one way, and a number of others had tried to convince her of the opposite way. And there she was walking up and down the streets absolutely at sea. "Oh, if only Brother Brigham only had lived to this day," she moaned, and in my heart I said "amen." There was a man, my son, who never left unexpressed what he wanted the Saints to do. And they did it, too.

Passing up to the polling place, I found a number of the younger brethren pulling this way and that over the controversy. Carriages bearing Republican and Democratic banners stood round idle, while the party workers dived among themselves as to whether both sides should work for Plummer or Morris. They were heated, and I heard expressions that recalled vividly to my mind some words Brother Scow and Warrant had just used. I walked up to the door of the polling place, when many hands seized me and held me back. I recognized through my embarrassment several of the brethren who were supposed to take their counsel from me, their bishop, but no one looking on would have expected it. Republican and Democratic workers began to talk at once, the burden of their efforts being that I should not vote until certain as to what my politics would be for the day. I could not but approve of their foresight, and felt very thankful that I had narrowly escaped making a grave mistake. So I told them that when they learned just who the church wanted elected, and a Republican and Democrat should come after me in a cage, both agreed as to what our politics should be. I would come and exercise the most precious prerogative incident to American citizenship. They agreed to this, and gave me three cheers as I moved away.

On my way I met several brothers and sisters who were bound for their homes. None had cast their vote, for all had received different counsel from various brethren. Many were very much incensed at the poor way in which our leaders had exercised their leadership, over us, and many declared that they would refuse to vote at all. I felt very much like doing the same thing myself, just as I had done last city election. The leaders of the church have a very poor conception of the sacredness of the ballot when they allow us to go hunting round like hungry children, wondering when dinner will be ready, and what we will have to eat when it is ready. This thing should have been decided several days ago. But, my son, the worst thing is to come, and this I tell you out of a heart full of bitterness; please treasure it away as you would something that is worthy of capital punishment. If the church knew it, they would throw me out of my present job. And I need the money until my marriage with No. 5.

But shortly after the noon hour two brothers came to Amelia's home, one being a Republican and the other a Democrat. It is all settled for Plummer, they told me, and both were the happiest men I ever saw. So with a light heart I jumped into the rig and was whisked to the polling place in lightning time. At the door stood Brothers Scow and Warrant, both talking together and laughing over the little difference that had separated them earlier in the day. They greeted me with smiles, and both winked knowingly, which I returned with hearty good will. As I passed into the room, I whispered to them that this should be a lesson to them to never again doubt that the church would set us all to rights in good season. Both apologized to me for the language they had used in the morning, and disappeared to take a wee nip from a bottle which Brother Scow had thought to bring along. I made an appointment to meet them a very few minutes later behind some large trees along the sidewalk.

While voting on the machine I was so happy that I seemed to be whirling through blissful space, and loudly threw the little lever back until the bell rang. Walking out I felt how glorious it was to be an American citizen, but not an American party man. Meeting Brothers Scow and Warrant as per plan, I was holding pleasant discourse with them when Brother Warrant mentioned how unfair it was that the American party had placed their ticket at the top. At this my head began to spin, and reeling, I fell with much force upon my back. My son, I was so accustomed to finding the church ticket at the top that by mistake I mind you, absolutely and thoroughly my mistake I, Bishop Famuley, your father,

the rock-ribbed Mormon of a generation's standing, actually had voted a straight American vote.

Brothers Scow and Warrant tenderly picked me up, fearing that I had suffered a stroke of paralysis, and so I had, but not the kind that usually kills a man. I was ashamed to tell them of the great sin I had committed, but laid my momentary faintness upon the strength of Brother Scow's whisky. They had a good laugh at my expense, and refused to let me take a drink for fear the attack might return, and if ever a man needed a swallow of liquor, it was Bishop Famuley. Sick at heart, and unspeakably ashamed of my carelessness, I went direct to Amelia's home, where I moaned through a very miserable afternoon. The sting of it never will leave me. To think of it makes me years older, and it took all my thoughts bearing upon my fifth marriage to bring me back again to my normal self. After the anguish I had suffered during the day, and after receiving the word of wisdom, to go and vote the straight American ticket was a bit more than I could stomach. I must find out where Brother Scow gets his whisky. It was the best I ever tasted, although I did not get to do logical honor to it bottle. But I must restrain myself now to learn the result of the election. I do hope we win in spite of my awful mistake. R. F.

Wednesday evening—The black work is done. The American party won the greatest victory ever achieved by any political party of Utah. The blow, coming upon the mistake I made in voting, simply makes me so sick at heart that I long for my fifth wedding day. I need the courage of my young wife-to-be to keep me from giving up. I will be the happiest man in the world when I leave Salt Lake. It is no longer the city I once loved so dearly. In the coming two years the Americans will finish the unholy task of grading the streets and putting in the sidewalks, and Salt Lake will no longer be the ideal home of the Saints. The only portion of the city that will remain just as Brother Brigham left it will be the Temple grounds and the church square, which still is surrounded by the sacred pebble wall built by that martyred Saint, Brigham. After the coming summer the only place where the Saints will be able to scratch off the newness from their boot soles will be in the Temple grounds.

Well do I remember a scene in those grounds in the early days. Brother Brigham decided to clean off the dirt and rubbish from the Temple foundations, and requested the Saints to appear on given days by wards to commence rebuilding the Temple. My day came, and driving into the grounds I found the place deserted except two brethren who were seated on a pile of lumber.

"Good morning, brothers," I said. "I thought I was late, but I see that no workers have arrived yet." "Yes, Brother Famuley," replied one, (I was not a bishop then.) "You are late. Brother Brigham asked us to stay here and send all the brethren to the new theater site to work there day instead of on the Temple." So I went over and found the brethren working like bees on the Salt Lake Theater, and I worked with them. My work was better thereafter, just as Brother Brigham predicted would be the case with all who responded. And being under the control of the church, the grounds are still in the same shape as the Lord intended them to be.

The Americans carried a majority of the City Council, too, and therefore the sins of the next two years must rest upon their own shoulders. And what hurts me, my son, is that both Brothers Scow and Warrant fooled me. The church rested so safely in the fusion arrangement that the leaders felt sure the church would control the Council. They had given up hope on the other offices, and merely centered their energy upon the Council, and waited for our friends to get into office. And in voting for Brother Morris I would have done for the Lord.

CLARK'S CRUISE OF THE "ARABIC."

February 6 to April 17, 1908.
Seventy days, costing only \$40.00 and up, including shore excursions. SPECIAL FEATURES: Malabar, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, 19 Days in Egypt and the Holy Land, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc. Tickets good to stop over in Europe. Tours Round the World and to Europe, Sicily, etc. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York.

Making a mountain out of a wheat field—the yearly occupation of the millers who meet the demand for
Husler's Flour

lost my vote, for he ran third. But to think that I went and cast my vote for the Americans is ranking in my breast as if I had taken up a viper and placed it there. And several of the brothers and sisters tell me that they made the same mistake. They all were instructed so thoroughly last fall to vote the Republican ticket by merely pulling over the top level of the machine that many failed to look what they were doing, and by force of habit did as I did. We should have been instructed more carefully about this matter.

My only consolation is in the contemplation of my approaching marriage. They can say all they want to about the objectionable features of polygamy, but let me tell you, my son, I have experienced all the blisses of that state without any objectionable parts. When a man's soul is so great and expanding as mine, he needs plenty of wives to pour out his blessings. One wife would be so overwhelmed with my religious zeal and temperament that it would be wrong to lay all upon her. Polygamy is a religious institution, blessed and commanded by the Lord, and practiced by the saints for the simple reason that there is no other way to earthly happiness for the man and unending bliss for the woman in the world to come. So you see it is not entirely worldly in character, and anything with a touch of the celestial about it more than becomes robbed of all temporary stain. I never would have entered polygamy if the Lord had not expected me to, and the fact that all my wives were beautiful when they were young is a mere coincidence. I tried to discover their spirituality, and it was only natural that the most attractive souls were wrapped up within the most attractive bodies. Your mother was a very fine looking woman when we were married, but she was one of those unfortunate women who could not retain her youth through years of hard toil. Such women should not expect to be loved or cared for. They cause talk about us men.

No. 5 looks as if she will be able to won't retain her cheerful spirit if it and youth. At least, she has a great deal to start with, and if she should fail in this important regard we still have resource to the command of the Lord which makes us one to begin with. I would like to make her mother my wife also, for she is a business woman, and has had to do nothing all her life but work. But her husband is alive, and somehow or other I never have been able to thoroughly harmonize with the actions of some of the saints in taking in the mother with the daughter. Such marriages have turned out very happily, I will allow, but it looks selfish—looks like a man does not want his neighbor to have a show.

Marrying sisters has proved to be very satisfactory in several instances. They get along together all right, but usually demand the same treatment from the husband. Now, with a man with preferences that might prove to be embarrassing. Now, No. 5 has a sister, but the parents have only one ranch, so she is out of the question entirely. I hope the Lord will pardon my wish, even considering No. 5's ranch in the marriage, but, having saved nothing during my lifetime, it is due that those who have should be generously inclined. Then it is done for the Lord's sake, and that closes that. I began wrong, my son. I end up where I should have started. You should benefit by this. One woman's soul is worth as much as another's, and when it comes to property select the one with the most. Do it in such a manner that even the Lord will be fooled. But you are a Famuley, and we usually land right when we know the best road to travel.

First of all, my son, serve the Lord, especially when He commands us to do pleasant things. Never disobey him when the demand as to polygamy comes down from above. And remember to pray often. Nothing helps us to forget a wrong thing done quicker than to give it to the Lord. You will have new worries coming up continually. Do not keep any more than you can help. Always get the best of the Gentiles. Did not Moses take all he could get from the Egyptians before the exodus? All things are good when done for the Lord.

Good night. Your loving father,
BISHOP FANULEY.

P. S.—I am sure your mother voted the American ticket; but what reason have I to complain? Your broken-hearted father.

EXCURSIONS TO GOODING, IDA.

For Opening 70,000 Acres Land Under Acrey Act. Tickets sold November 10th to 13th inclusive, limit November 20th. Opening takes place November 14th. Ask agents for descriptive matter. Round trip from Salt Lake, \$11.80. City Ticket Office, 201 Main street.

City Improvements.
The modern carpet cleaning plant of the West, Thornberg's, phones 1006.

Legal Blanks.
Tribune-Reporter Ptg. Co., 66 W. 2nd St.

De Witt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made. Sold by Anstetter Drug Co.

Observer's Observations

I observe that there is an abundant harvest this fall of ruined lives in Salt Lake City.

That the "church" is not in the saddle in Salt Lake City for the reason that it could not deliver the votes.

That the crookedness of the American party administration enmeshed in its maze a goodly number of the unsophisticated voters of Salt Lake City.

That, according to the Deseret News, the rank and file of the American party are the only dupes in this city. All other voters are absolutely free and independent and too intelligent to be wheedled.

That the men and the women who pay the most taxes in Salt Lake City are not the men and the women who pay the most "church" tithing.

That the church has carried enlightenment to so many homes the "church" found itself crippled when it began to count votes.

That there is nothing enfranchises men and women more surely than the light of truth. Superstition and slavery back down before it.

That Plummer and Morris were both elected to an indefinite term of retirement.

That "our enemies," the "ungodly Gentiles," will again have a chance to squander all the people's money except the tithing.

That the dinner pail is to be set down on the kitchen table for another two years instead of being left under the gambling table on Commercial street.

That the "Mouth" and the "News" are still in the ring for the world's championship as supreme prevaricators with the chance slightly in favor of the News for smoothness.

That the latitude conceded to the young people of Salt Lake City has worked injury to their morals and has developed a small army of hoodlums which is a menace to the peace of the citizenship of the city.

That good streets, and good sidewalks, and good water (and plenty of it) and good values in real estate, and good protection for life and property, and good pay for the laboring man on all the city's public improvements, made lots of votes for the American party.

That the Deseret News forgot that it was "nonpartisan" as election time drew on and most bitterly opposed the American party. For a paper that is not in politics it can lie equal to the best of them.

THE BELLE OF THE U. OF U.

BY JANE BURR.

A natty little maiden,
Up to date and passed,
Came out to the U. of U.
As a student is to be classed.

She came in like a whirlwind,
And signed for all the snaps,
Her brain was a perfect muddle
Of intellectual scraps.

She rode and laughed and tennised,
In a fairly clever way;
She flirted, Oh, so desperately,
From the advent of the first day.

She studied in a serious manner,
When there was nothing else to do;
But no one could boast of winning
The Belle of the U. of U.

Because "way down in her heart
She was hope, and love, and faith;
For she treasured a secret memory,
Although it was but a wraith.

She had given into one man's keeping,
With her lips, her body and soul;
And she gave him the pledge securely,
Was her treasured secret goal.

So the fellows all bowed and scraped
To her slightest little whim;
But if one o'erstepped his privilege,
Exile was signed for him.

She threw out lines innumerable,
Then started nibbling galore,
But nibbling was all she permitted,
As I have said before.

A witch and a girl intermingled—
If she liked you, true as steel;
But once you swallowed her bait,
And she quietly drew in her reel.

And jerked you from the hook
Of her friendship you misunderstood,
And cast you quickly behind her,
As only this maiden could.

She had loved before, Oh, mercy!
But in a different way;
Something in her heart had awakened,
That bade her say other men nay.

She puzzled all the fellows;
But no one ever knew
The secret, sacred promise
Of the Belle of the U. of U.

EXCURSION TO OGDEN

Sunday, Nov. 10th,
Via O. S. L. Round trip, \$1.00. Trains
at 7:10 a. m. and 9:30 a. m., 12:35 p. m. and 1:00 p. m.

Do You Need Printing?
Before placing your orders for any kind of printing call on the Century Printing company, Salt Lake's printers, 165 and 167 South West Temple street, and get samples and prices. The most complete printing establishment in the West. Prompt work and reasonable prices our motto.

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